VOLUME 46 NO. 16,271.

REAL MUNCICIPAL OWNERSHIP.



In the midst of all the pother about municipal ownership one phase seems to have escaped attention. This is the ownership of the city's representatives in the Legislature. The most economic move the town could make would be to acquire possession of these personages.

Do the people exercise the slightest ownership in Patrick H. Mc-Carren, Bernard F. Martin, Thomas F. Grady and Charles Cooper, whose votes in the Senate Cities Committee have killed the Elsberg bill? Not a

particle? Yet they keep on electing these tools of the traction interests, and shout themselves hoarse for municipal ownership. Each one of the men named is in the Senate for "what there is in it" for him. This fact is perfectly and publicly known, but it doesn't seem

to disturb anybody. They will probably keep on being "honored leaders." One of the four, Cooper, is a Republican. He is entitled to more of the limelight than he has been getting. Cooper some twenty years ago engineered the first great franchise steal in Brooklyn, which gave the Willoughby street "gang" its initial prosperity and incidentally did away with the old, crude Tweed methods of direct robbery and brought in the new and more profitable industry of the sale of public privileges.

DUMB AND STUPID OXEN.

Mr. Judson C. Wall has earned a good word from the public for his Insistence in dragging from the State Railroad Commission the details of one piece of robbery of the New York City Railway by the Metropolitan Securities Company.

The process was simplicity itself. The "holding" securities company "bought" the notes of the company it "held" at 70, and they were redeemed at par. Profit to the "holding" company, \$2,797,200; loss to the New York City Railway Company, \$2,797,200.

Any bank would have taken these notes at par and 5 per cent. What kind of people own the subsidiary railroads "held" by the Securities? They must be dumb and stupid oxen. Charles S. Ludlam, of Haskins & Sells, should be given a busy half hour before some investigating com-

A GOOD BEGINNING.

The indictment of the President and two Vice-Presidents of the Mutual Reserve Life on charges of grand larceny and forgery prepares the way for a series of prosecutions to fit the crimes. It puts the penitentiary procession in motion.

The experience gained by Mr. Jerome in these trials should be invaltrable to him. It will be of sovereign importance when he comes to deal with the big fellows. His 'prentice hand will then have become practised.

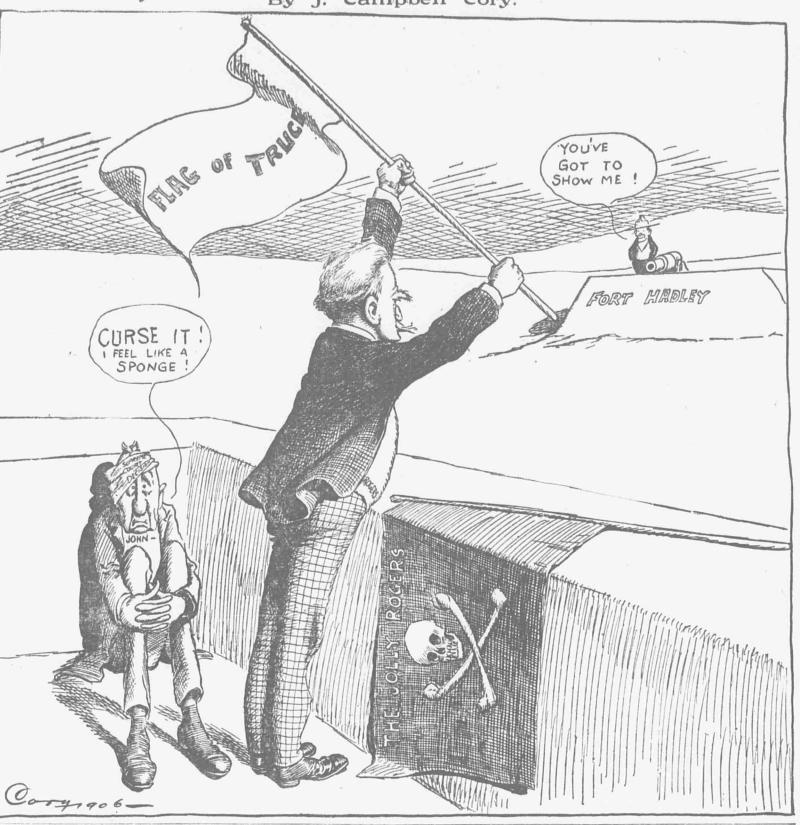
CHINATOWN MUST GO!

Tenement-House Commissioner Butler adds the weight of his testimony to the arguments for The Evening World's Chinatown park plan. To each of the three departments which care for the city's health, the safe every bit my own, and so was the rest of it, too! housing of its citizens and the security of life Chinatown is equally a plague spot. Its abolition will solve one of the most baffling problems with which they have to deal.

Interests is indicated by the low assessments of realty. All the land on was going to do, but then the result in the long run always justifies the expense, both sides of an entire street, Doyers, has a value for purposes of taxation to debt. But I'm sure he simply says that for effect, because nearly every main streets is less than that of one business plot in a more eligible location.

Chinatown has existed too long a municipal disfigurement. Its squalor and disease, its opium fumes, its ancient rookeries and dens of vice too princess gown home yesterday morning. I thought I never had seen anything feel so stuck up. long have defiled civic decency. It must go!

A Change of Flags. By J. Campbell Cory.



The Mock Orange Bridge Club

ing on nervous prostration from mental strain, laying out my new spring gown long after I got it hooked up. n my mind. And then to have things turn out the way they did is almost more than flesh and blood can stand!

gowns. Most of the women here in Mock Orange are perfectly willing just to could hear: sit down and copy something conventional out of the Homely Ladies' Journal!-I do despise a copy cat-but I always try to get up something really chic How the blight of the evil conditions there has fallen on property you have to throw away a frock because it doesn't develop as you thought it of but \$95,000! The assessed valuation of all the land on the three month when I need some money all he has to do is just to sign a piece of paper frocks that will be becoming to me.

> so stylish and effective and absolutely original in my life. It was Alice blue, Tou know, with the cutest elbow sleeves and three broad bands of black velvet going to muste! I believe I'm going to cry again!"

Vice-President of the Mock Orange (N. J.) Bridge Whist Club, biting a all the way down the back. And as for the fit-well, I couldn' fasten it at all square with the Mayor, Common Council and Board of Trade present in a ladylike sob in two and touching the end of her nose with her handkerthere for weeks and weeks I've been getting headaches and almost bringfor yourself what a splendid fit it was. Why, I couldn't breathe for ever so

"And then when I got to Mrs. Bob Darrow's for the meeting of the club yesterday afternoon, and swept in very slowly so as to dazzle the rest of the mem-"It was all my own design, too—that is, it amounted to the same thing, because all I got from the description that the paper printed about Alice Roose-velt's going-away gown was the idea for the material and the color and the word of them had on Alice but princess frocks with elbow sleeves, just welt's going-away gown was the idea for the material and the color and the word of the skirts. And The arrangement of the buttons was four of them had actually gone and had the nerve to steal my black velvet buttons down the back! And then that spiteful Mrs. Darrow she sailed up to "That's what I always pride myself on-getting up my own ideas for my me and smiled that lady-Judas smile of hers and said out loud so everybody

"'Ah, my dear, so you read all about the White House wedding, too, didn't

even if Mr. Quiver does complain that my dressmakers' bills are running him

"I wish I never had heard of Alice Roosevelt's old going-away gown. I aland get another man to sign it and just take it to the bank and get the money. Ways have thought from the very first that she might have done better than all are on a five-cent basis? Why not And I'm sure that's a great deal easier than having to work for it; yet still be marrying a man that's so bald be has to take off his collar to brush his back-have a universal five-cent ticket, good pounds and 4,005 grains. T. P. F. frets and frets and never stops to think of all the trouble I go to trying to get hair. I just wish Judge Farker had beaten her father for President. Mr. Quiver on any of the three routes? It would hair. I just wish Judge Farker had beaten her rather for Freshour. and says Roosevelt had a close call as it was; he says that Parker would have won greatly simplify matters and would greatly simplify matters and would be the Editor of The Evening World:

Let me tell "A. O'C.," who asks **

Let me tell "A. O'C.," who asks **

To the Editor of The Evening World: "Well, as I was telling you when you tried to interrupt me, I gok my new! if everybody who voted for him had been twins. So I guess Roosevelt needn't

"But just to think of all those beautiful black velvet buttons practically

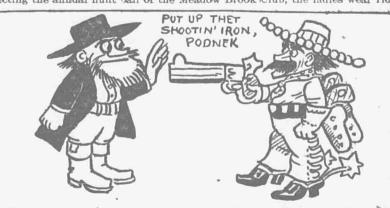
NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY-GLASSES

By Irvin S. Cobb.

UT West the call of the tamed wild is all for the up-to-date society drammer. The day has passed when the regular patrons at King. fisher and Seattle will be satisfied with "Lady Audley's Secret," "Sea of Ice," "Zaza" and "Fanchon the Cricket" for the regular bills; ladies admitted free on the opening evening when accompanied by one paid admission; souvenirs to all at the school-children's bargain matinee; an elegant plush sofa and a desirable silver card receiver given away on Saturday night to the lady and gent holding the lucky numbers—a coupon with every ticket; don't miss the grand street parade by our All-Star Silver Cornet Band daily at 10 A. M., rain or shine.

Never again for "The Black Flag" and "Hazel Kirke" in the sheared and domesticated West. While the bank-roll holds out to burn the good people of Butte, Tombstone and Spirit Lake will stand only for the real dress suit play, reproducing with exact fidelity to setting and detail the atmosphere of the East. The curtain rises on a back drop showing Peacock Alley at a time when Peacock Alley was not feeling the best in the world. The foreground is filled in with a tasty papier-mache palmtree and a parlor set borrowed on the strength of two season comps from the Pansy instalment House on Main street, with tags-attached stating the amount due down and how much a week.

The hour is supposed to be 10 o'clock in the morning. Accordingly the he-troupers come on in dinner coats that fit them almost as well as if they had been made for them. The lady members appear in deck-o-leck gowns and white slippers with bead embroidery on the toes. In the last act, depicting the annual hunt ball of the Meadow Brook Club, the ladies wear rid-



ing boots, red reefer coats and carry dogwhips. Thus are the unities pre

By these agencies also do the best families of Tucson and Medicine Hat acquire their belief that the fashionable male population of New York is made up almost altogether of imported lords and home-grown Johnnies. They don't begin to realize how many kinds of Johnnies we have, ranging from the Coal-Oil Johnnies at the Waldorf to the Beefsteak Johnnies at the Dry

On the other hand, Broadway clamors with loud cries these days for the leather pants drammer. The idol of the matinee mademoiselles has learned his bitter lesson-he goes to the tanyard for his wardrobe. We insist now on a hero wearing something tasty in rawhide. We have a villain who dresses up like a saddlery and horse-goods exhibit with a revolver where he would have to be a contortionist to reach it and a cartridge belt full of four-grain capsules. It is customary, for purposes of realism, to provide a genuine Indian chief, who commands an imaginary tribe of redskins on a mental reservation, and has a dislocated feather duster traifing along his spine where the buttons would be if he wore the princess effect. Also an elderly person-miner, stockman or retired scout-lurking in ambush behind a dense copse of Shetland property whiskers. This character always refers to his daughter as "lass" and hails the tenderfoot who comes on at the end of the third act as "stranger."

We regard this as hot and timely local color. But if a man called a girl By Grinnan Barrett "lass" or a newcomer "stranger" wet of the Kaw River he would be burned DECLARE I never was so outdone in my life," said Mrs. Oliver Quiver, around the bottom of the skirt and just the grandest big black velvet buttons at the stake, or if the wood were wet he would be lynched on the public. body, and those who did not go to his funeral would approve of it heartily.

Even on the stage we have to go away from home to find out the news

LETTERS from the PEOPLE ANSWERS to QUESTIONS E

If the same company bosses the "L," 996.687,737 bushels 44 pounds and 4,095 the subway and the surface cars, why grains, which at \$1 a bushel would cost have three sets of fares, especially as \$400,319.966,878.11; 2,000 pounds to a ton save trouble all around. We could buy a bunch of such tickets and not have a bunch of such tickets and not have to grope about in our pockets for the he is distinctly lucky to have fallen in

Think it over, Uncle Belmont. POL ECON.

High Rents. To the Editor of The Evening World. I have read of the cruelty of landlords in raising rents on poor families, signs of a woman's temper and dis-I want to run down her foes if I can.
But she doesn't seem to want to give
me any information."

"It saems mixed yet."

"It cannot tell how mean we feel about
it. Our men get no higher wages, but it. Our men get no higher wages, but istics, and not by the coloring matter? "It seems mixed up,"
"It is mixed up, but I'll unravel it the rents go up. What is going to be-

somehow. Now, take all possible pre-cautions, will you?" The Grain Problem.

peliceman turned to re-enter the To the Editor of The Evening World: geometrically doubled upon itself from of three sons received and what was Lenox turned.
"You-know-I haven't seen Jake now the first to the sixty-fourth square of the entire amount if the first got one-"You-know—I haven't seen Jake now in six months."

the first to the sixty-fourth square of a chess board. The shortest way to find the number of grains is to raise 2 to the 64th power and subtract 1 from the product, which will give us 18,446,744.—looking for him. If he should come hare he would be nabbed, and that would mean at least ten years all told."

"You-know—I haven't seen Jake now the first to the sixty-fourth square of a chess board. The shortest way to find third of the total, the second one-third of the remainder and the third one-third of what was left, when at the end there were \$24 left. This is my hard the would mean at least ten years all told."

"You will be now the sixty-fourth square of a chess board. The shortest way to find the remainder and the third of the total, the second one-third the first got one-third. The shortest way to find the remainder and the third of the total, the second one-third the first got one-third. The should one-third the first got one-third. The should one-third the first got one-third the first got one-third. The should one the state of the first got one-third the first got one-third. we will have 2,401,919,801,264,264 pounds \$12.

bushel of wheat we will have 40.031 -Red-Haired Girl Testifies.

right one or for the exact change love with a red-haired woman. I am pass on the question. Red hair, that glorious tint which artists rave over and women dye for, is no more an indication of bad temper or fickleness than is any other color. The outward position are shown by her general facial and other physical characterof her hair. VERMILION.

The Money Division,

To the Editor of The Evening World: Joe Rubanow propounds a problem fut Mr. Leary asks the amount of a grain which he asks how much money each

are more interested than I am—can't you shut your eyes a couple of nights while you are on duty and let Jake come and see me? He's bad, I know, So am I. But other police shut their eyes sometimes. I know you don't want money. But—for the sake of the gri—could Jake come to see me—once—twice?"

Lenox breathed hard. Jake Foby was one of the best-wanted criminals of New York. It had been Lenox who

acould Jake come to twice?"

Lenox breathed hard. Jake Foby was one of the best-wanted criminals of New York. It had been Lenox who located him in the yellow brick house, where he always wore a disguise. It had been Lenox who had watched him, turned him into the watchful care of detectives, and had been generally instrumental in bringing about the instrumental in

nother?"
"God forbid. No."
"How do you manage?"
"He thinks he is the son of Maggie's

arlor.
"Poor girl." said the woman. "She is nothing but a child, and to be dragged nto the maelstrom of this city's darker

"He thinks he is the son of Maggie's niece."

"Isn't she the one you saved from the Bastick fire?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Haven't you thought of her since?"

"In I' —

"Don't you suppose she has thought of you? When she saw you in the restaurant she picked you out as the one to save her again. Yet she had passed dozens of ordinary policemen, and did not know you would be at the restaurant. Is that not proof that she has been thinking of you?"

"But what do you fear from Jake?"

"I'—don't"

"Wait. When you suppose she has thought of her since?"

"I' —don't"

"Wait. When you suppose she has thought of her since?"

"I' —don't"

"Wait. When you suppose she has thought of her since?"

"I' —don't"

"Wait. When you suppose she has thought of her since?"

"I' —don't"

"Wait. When you suppose she has thought of her since?"

"I' —don't"

"Wait. When you would be at the restaurant of the work of the wo

MIGHTSTICK and NOZZLE A Romance of Manhattan by SEWARD W. HOPKINS

STNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Dave Lenox, a paguolman, and Tom Garvin, fireman, are chums. They rescue a beauting strict from an uptown hotel fire in which oth men are injured. The girl, on coming on her senses after the rescue, refuses to the any clear account of herself.

Lenox feels an unusual interest in the nysterious girl and, aided by Garvin. recover to kearn more about her.

He sees her in a restaurant with a man. He sees her in a restaurant with a min. He sees her in a restaurant with a min. He way but the grown in the table a note saying her life is in the girl, her dealnty cloak, coat, her grown, the decidedly French shoes, none of these escaped her. the couple. The girl as she is about to be fidnapped. He fires at her abductor, whom he apparently misses, the girl being slightly wounded. She bers Lenox not to take ber to har home, as her life will not be sate there. He promises to conduct her to a state of the sate of the sate

CHAPTER V. The Yellow Brick House.

THE cardage rolled to the curb and stopped before a small yellow brick house. The driver, whose ife had by this time disappeared, rewith her head resting on his arm.

from the carriage and up the stoop to help her. There is some sort of plot

Lenox gave an impatient sign, and she followed him into the other room. "Well?" said the woman questioning-

ly. "I know you have something for me to do." "I have something for you to do," said Lenox. "Something that you will

do well."

"Will do well, or must?" A faint smile appeared on the young policeman's face.

"This girl lives on my beat. I do not mained on his box. Lenox still held the know her name. I chanced to be in a eak form of the girl against him, restaurant where she and a man were taking supper. She knew me. On her With his right hand he assisted her way out she dropped a note to me to to destroy her, but she is reticent about



the front door.

He rans the bell. There was a delay of about three minutes, but Lenox, who had been in the place before, did not show any impatience.

At last the door was opened on a crack and the face of a woman appeared.

"Well? What has all this to do with meaning to that. In my effort to assist her. I fired at a man who was to all appearances handing her over the some in. What has happened?"

"On, is it? you, sit?" affect the woman, as she fitting the door open wide. "Come in in the place of a woman as she fitting the door open wide. "Come in in the place is releast about it will be place the woman as she fitting the door open wide. "Come in in the place is releast about it will be a with our week place the woman as she fitting the door open wide. "Come in in the place is releast about it will be place in the place as a special with whom she seems most closely connected, with the she belief. We must do you do not hink of myself."

"You did not think of myself."

"Wou are an honest pollecman. Thenow what is it wou wish me to do?"

"You are an honest pollecm

"But"—She moved close to him.
"Did you ever see this girl before?"
"Yes."
"Isn't she the one you saved from the Bastick fire?"
"Yes."
"Haven't you thought of her since?"
"I—I"—

"Still, you frightened off the men.

'Wait," said Mrs. Foby.

Now, since we have entered into

this—this little plan, one in which you are more interested than I am—can't

in six months.'

You probably saved her from death or

'I'll have a talk with her before

Lenox breathed hard. Jake Foby was one of the best-wanted criminals of New York. It had been Lenox who located him in the yellow brick house, where he always wore a disgulse. It had been Lenox who had watched him, turned him into the watchful care of detectives, and had been generally instrumental in bringing about the indictments. But in some way Foby had learned and head escaped.

And now Lenox was asked to shut his eyes and permit the criminal to visit his vile.

"If it was known," he said, "it would rith me."

"So will this other. It is not necessary for either to be known."

"But"—

She moved close to him.

"In the does not, what then?"

"Oh, I know. Now think. I'm an old croze are certain things T want to see him about. I am afraid in will go see the boy."

"Your son?"

"He is eighteen, and is at a school in a city up the river—I do not fear to tell you. He is at Peekskill."

"Date of forbid. No."

"And you want Jake to come home?"

"You."

"What good will that do?"

"It he does not, what then?"

"Arrest him on the indictments. I shall not live ten years, and before he gives out Eddie will be of age and will have his money whether I live or die,"

"I shall return to duty in a few days, your son?"

"I shall return to duty in a few days, you had a son."

"Yes."

"I shall return to duty in a few days, you had a son."

"Yes."

"I shall return to duty in a few days, you had a son."

"Yes."

"I shall return to duty in a few days, the shall not live ten years, and before he sis money whether I live or die,"

"I shall return to duty in a few days, you had a son."

"He is eighteen, and is at a school in a city up the river—I do not fear to tell you. He is at Peekskill."

"Dhe she know that you are his mother?"

"She moved close to him."

"God forbid. No."

"I he does not. What then?"

"I wan tro make him sign some passes of the missing some passes. If he does not, what then?"

"I had one was asked to shut he is a plece of furniture as I know. But he a peers. If he does not, what then?"

"The does not."

"I had ove